

She'll be coming around the mountain when she comes. She'll be riding on the engine when she comes. She'll be hollering and hooting, cows and chickens will go scooting, she'll be rootin'-tootin' rowdy when she comes.

Toor! TooT!

She'll be driving six wild horses when she comes. She'll be yelling, "Hey, you horses, let's have fun!"

YA-HOOJ

They'll go bumping, they'll go snorting, they'll go clomping and cavorting, as their hoofprints spell out "Howdy, everyone!"



And we'll all run out to meet her when she comes, 'cause we just can't wait to greet her when she comes.

Hi, BABE

We'll wear rhinestones and pajamas like our papas and our mamas for our razzle-dazzle cousin when she comes.

Hi, CUZI

Oh, we'll have a bang-up hoe-down when she comes, do-si-do and never slow down when she comes.

HEE

HAV

While the sun shouts "Bye-bye, Sister!" and the moon comes out to kiss her, we'll shout "Glory hallelujah!" by and by.

(EB)

Oh, we'll all be pretty tuckered when she's gone. We'll be snoozing, we'll be snoring until dawn. We'll be dreaming by the dozen of our favorite kissing cousin. Can you guess what we'll be dreaming when she's gone? That she's coming around the mountain, here she comes! She'll yell "Giddy-up, you horses!" when she comes.

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WHOA BACKD

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